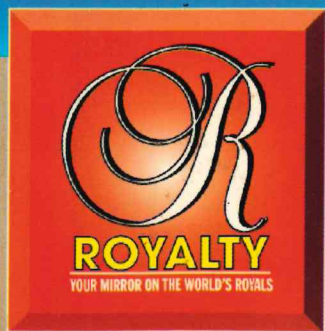


SPECIAL

Diana, Princess of Wales 1961-97



Forever in our hearts

Thanks
for the
memories



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On their return to London from Balmoral, Prince Charles with sons William and Harry read the messages on the thousands of bouquets that engulfed Diana's Kensington Palace home.



Forever in our hearts



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ROYALTY USPS: 0764-350 is published monthly, 12 times a year.
■ **Annual subscription in USA \$50** ■ Second Class Postage Paid at Riverton NJ. ■ **USA POSTMASTER:** ☒ **Address changes to Royalty,** PO Box 5144, Grand Central Station, New York NY 10163-5144



I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY THE representative of a family in grief, in a country in mourning before a world in shock. We are all united not only in our desire to pay our respects to Diana but rather in our need to do so. For such was her extraordinary appeal that the tens of millions of people taking part in this service all over the world via television and radio who never actually met her, feel that they, too, lost someone close to them in the early hours of Sunday morning. It is a more remarkable tribute to Diana than I can ever hope to offer her today.

Diana was the very essence of compassion, of duty, of style, of beauty. All over the world she was a symbol of selfless humanity, a standard-bearer for the rights of the truly downtrodden, a truly British girl who transcended nationality, someone with a natural nobility who was classless, who proved in the last year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic.

Today is our chance to say "thank you" for the way you brightened our lives, even though God granted you but half a life. We will all feel cheated that you were taken from us so young and yet we must learn to be grateful that you came along at all. Only now you are gone do we truly appreciate what we are now without and we want you to know that life without you is very, very difficult. We have all despaired at our loss over the past week and only the strength of the message you gave us through your years of giving has afforded us the strength to move forward.

There is a temptation to rush to canonize your memory. There is no need to do so. You stand tall enough as a human being of unique qualities not to need to be seen as a saint. Indeed to sanctify your memory would be to miss out on the very core of your being, your wonderfully mischievous sense of humour with the laugh that bent you double, your joy for life transmitted wherever you took your smile, and the

sparkle in those unforgettable eyes, your boundless energy which you could barely contain.

But your greatest gift was your intuition, and it was a gift you used wisely. This is what underpinned all your wonderful attributes. And if we look to analyse what it was about you that had such a wide appeal, we find it in your instinctive feel for what was really important in all our lives. Without your God-given sensitivity, we would be immersed in greater ignorance at the anguish of AIDS and HIV sufferers, the plight of the homeless, the isolation of lepers, the random destruction of land mines. Diana explained to me once that it was her innermost feelings of suffering that made it possible for her to connect with her constituency of the rejected.



AND HERE WE COME TO ANOTHER truth about her. For all the status, the glamour, the applause, Diana remained throughout a very insecure person at heart, almost childlike in her desire to do good for others so she could release herself from deep feelings of unworthiness of which her eating disorders were merely a symptom. The world sensed this part of her character and cherished her for her vulnerability, whilst admiring her for her honesty. The last time I saw Diana was on July the first, her birthday, in London, when typically she was not taking time to celebrate her special day with friends but was guest of honour at a charity fund-raising evening.

She sparkled of course, but I would rather cherish the days I spent with her in March when she came to visit me and my children in our home in South Africa. I am proud of the fact that apart from when she was on public display meeting President Mandela, we managed to contrive to stop the ever-present paparazzi from getting a single picture of her. That meant a lot to her.

She needed no royal title . . . to gene



This is the full text of the speech by Diana's brother Charles, Earl Spencer, in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of her burial on Saturday, September 6, 1997.

These are days I will always treasure. It was as if we'd been transported back to our childhood, when we spent such an enormous amount of time together, the two youngest in the family. Fundamentally she hadn't changed at all from the big sister who mothered me as a baby, fought with me at school and endured those long train journeys between our parents' homes with me at weekends. It is a tribute to her level-headedness and strength that despite the most bizarre life imaginable after her childhood, she remained intact, true to herself.



HERE IS NO DOUBT THAT SHE WAS looking for a new direction in her life at this time. She talked endlessly of getting away from England, mainly because of the treatment she received

at the hands of the newspapers. I don't think she ever understood why her genuinely good intentions were sneered at by the media, why there appeared to be a permanent quest on their behalf to bring her down. It is baffling. My own, and only, explanation is that genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum.

It is a point to remember that of all the ironies

about Diana, perhaps the greatest is this; that a girl given the name of the ancient goddess of hunting was, in the end, the most hunted person of the modern age.

She would want us today to pledge ourselves to protecting her beloved boys William and Harry from a similar fate. And I do this here, Diana, on your behalf. We will not allow them to suffer the anguish that used regularly to drive you to tearful despair.



BEYOND THAT, ON BEHALF OF YOUR mother and sisters, I pledge that we, your blood family, will do all we can to continue the imaginative and loving way in which you were steering these two

exceptional young men, so that their souls are not simply immersed by duty and tradition but can sing openly as you planned.

We fully respect the heritage into which they have both been born, and will always respect and encourage them in their royal role. But we, like you, recognise the need for them to experience as many different aspects of life as possible, to arm them spiritually and emotionally for the years ahead. I know you would have expected nothing less from us.

William and Harry, we all care desperately for you today. We are all chewed up with sadness at the loss of a woman who wasn't even our mother. How great your suffering is we cannot even imagine.

I would like to end by thanking God for the small mercies he has shown us at this dreadful time; for taking Diana at her most beautiful and radiant and when she had so much joy in her private life.

Above all, we give thanks for the life of a woman I am so proud to be able to call my sister: the unique the complex, the extraordinary and irreplaceable Diana, whose beauty, both internal and external, will never be extinguished from our minds.

erate her particular brand of magic





Farewell . . .

■ **THE FUNERAL** of Diana, Princess of Wales, was watched by a million people on the streets of London and two billion more on the television sets of the world. As the Abbey minute bell began to chime, at 9.08 her coffin left Kensington Palace drawn by a gun carriage of the King's Troop.

■ As the cortege passed the gates of Buckingham Palace, the Queen stood in homage at the head of her family. At St James's Palace, Prince Philip, Prince Charles and his sons, William and Harry, fell in behind the coffin along with Diana's brother, Earl Spencer. After them walked 500 representatives of the Princess's charities, in a moving procession which included children in pushchairs and invalids in wheelchairs.

■ At 10.58 precisely, in a perfectly timed and orchestrated feat of ceremonial, the body of the Princess was carried into Westminster Abbey, where waited a 2,000 strong congregation including the Spencer family, politicians, arts and show business celebrities, and personal friends.

■ The service, which lasted one hour and 11 minutes, included Diana's favourite hymns, Elton John's rendering of "Candle In The Wind", and a tribute by Earl Spencer in which he delivered a bitter attack on the Press. "Of all the ironies perhaps the greatest was this," he said, "a girl given the name of the ancient goddess of hunting was in the end the most hunted person of the modern age." The congregation applauded as Lord Spencer left the pulpit.

■ The entire occasion was a deeply impressive blend of traditional and improvised ritual. At 12.09 the bearer party of the Welsh Guards carried the coffin to a motor hearse outside, where it began the 78-mile journey northwards across London to her private burial at the family home at Althorp.



The cortege on its way to Westminster Abbey from Kensington Palace . . . where it was carried by six Welsh Guardsmen

Farewell ..





Farewell...



Prince Charles has a consoling word with his youngest son Harry before they join the procession to walk the last mile to the Abbey. Her Majesty The Queen and Prince Philip arrive at the Abbey for the service. (Facing page) The scene as the coffin was borne inside by the Guardsmen.





Diana's brother Charles waits with Princes Harry and William, alongside their father as the cortege approaches. (Facing page) After the service, the coffin leaves for the journey to Diana's ancestral home, 78 miles away at Althorp.

Farewell.





The Queen Mother (top) and (above) Diana's mother, Mrs Frances Shand Kydd, arrive at the Abbey where Elton John sang (facing page).

Farewell



A life that lit up our world

THE

WORLD WOKE UP on February 24, 1981, and was told that Prince Charles, the world's most eligible bachelor, was to marry a 19 year-old girl called Diana

Spencer. The world inhabited by the British press, on the other hand, had been aware of Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Earl Spencer of Althorp, for several months as they had besieged her in her shared London flat and at the All England Kindergarten in west London where she helped out. Prince Charles, reportedly worried by a growing reputation as the "Playboy Prince" who was content to play the field rather than settle into a permanent relationship, was thirteen years her senior. But the world didn't care about all that now that he had found his true love – and the world, not just the Prince, fell in love with her.

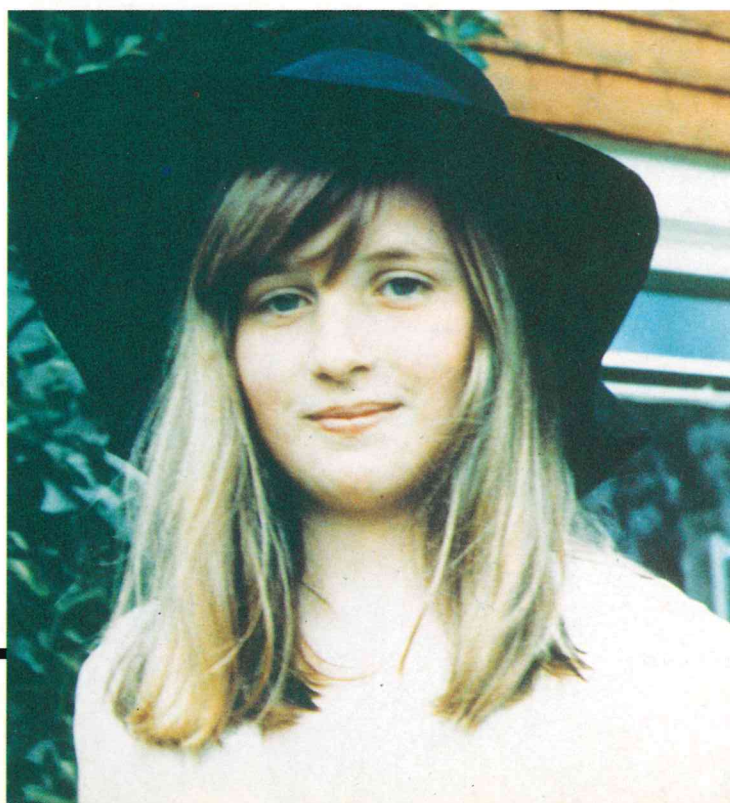
The child of a broken marriage, a less than average performer at school and so naive that she posed for the press in a flimsy cotton dress with her back to the sun, revealing her long, graceful legs, Diana was to be transformed by the public's warmth and affection into one of the most potent icons of the Eighties – and not just because for that decade she was a future Queen

Consort. The man she was to marry had long ago conceded what his great-uncle, King Edward VIII, would never admit – that he was not, like other men, free to choose a wife to please himself. Charles was too dutiful, too conscious of his special position in life – qualities which made him a comfortable prospect as future king, someone who could be relied on to do the right thing and uphold the honour of the Royal Family . . . that was 1981.

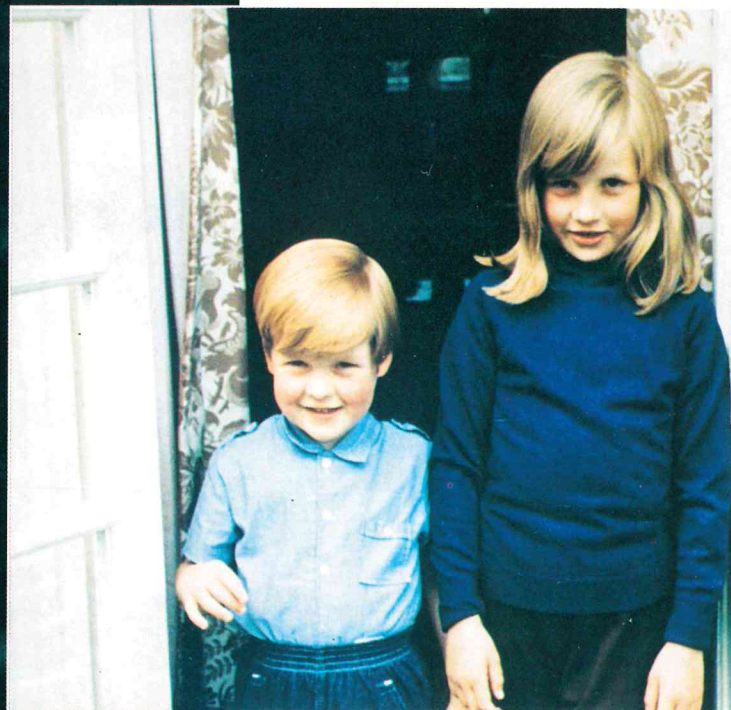
It might well have been better had Charles dwelt in those past times when Royal marriages were approached in a much more practical manner. The arranged Royal marriage – effectively killed off by Queen Victoria in the nineteenth century – at least had the virtue of coming unburdened with great expectations. Then, it was a purely dynastic arrangement, made to secure the succession and give Britain a suitable consort able to reinforce the King's

image as leader of his people . . . if the couple actually fell in love, had some reciprocal affection, or merely tolerated each other it didn't really make much difference to the arranged marriage.

But as we entered the 1980s the people expected a lot more of a Royal marriage. There had to be romance, a love match that could warm the public's heart and present an ideal of mutual



The world's first glimpse of the future Princess of Wales – as a young helper at a London kindergarten. Then we saw the family album snaps of the toddler (inset) and (facing page) the teenager.



Prince and the Royal Family. And, in 1981, it was all true.

When he proposed to her over a suitably romantic, candlelit dinner, Charles had warned Diana of the pressures public life would thrust upon her; it was admirably honest of him and he was taking the risk that Diana might decline and take flight – one or two of the Prince's earlier girlfriends had done just that. But her answer was "Yes".

When those pressures were transformed from warnings to reality for the new Princess of Wales, the Queen's Press Secretary Michael Shea summoned Britain's newspaper editors to Buckingham

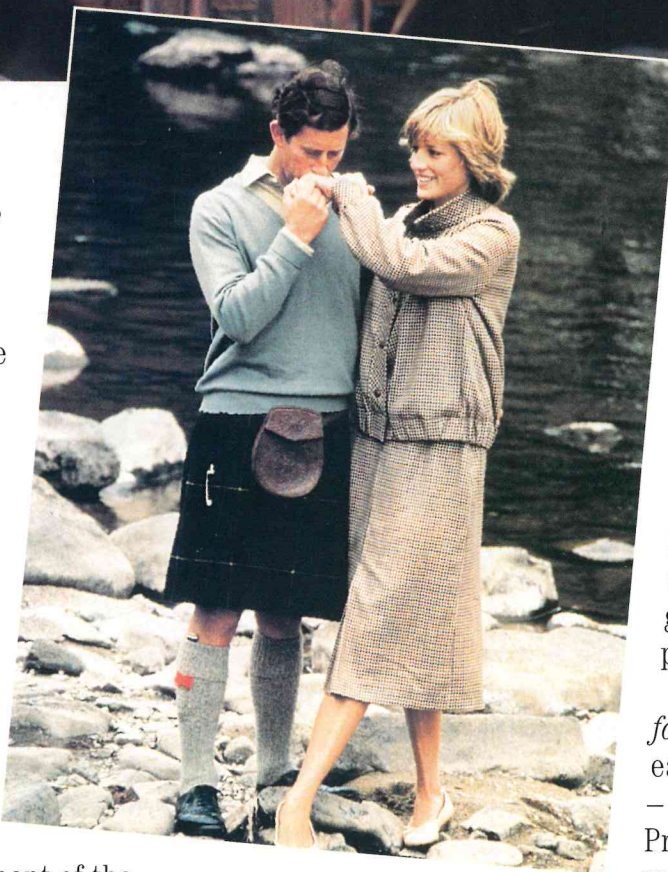
Palace and requested them to be more circumspect in their speculations. And that meeting may have turned out to be the cause of a marked change in Diana. With the protection of the Palace around her, the shy and confused young woman who was now the Princess of Wales was transformed overnight into a confident young woman; she had discovered that it was possible for her to live a private life inside the world's most public family; she cultivated old friendships and – with a

devotion – in short, something approaching a modern fairy tale romance. The miracle was that Charles seemed to have found the ideal candidate. At nineteen, Lady Diana Spencer had no inconvenient entanglements in her record and she also filled the bill by being pretty, appealing, well-born but unpretentious, accustomed to mixing with royalty, not overly liberated or professionally ambitious, and charmingly domesticated. A rare, and perfect, catch indeed for the



vengeance – developed her own style; she indulged old passions like swimming, tennis and sunbathing; and, with help from her staff, expanded her patronage into areas of caring which were her natural metier. The press coverage, slowly but surely was to move from the fashion pages onto the news pages.

But the transformation of the fresh-faced girl barely out of her teens into the elegant sophisticated beauty who was to captivate the world was still going on; at the engagement, she was two dress sizes larger than she was five months later at the wedding; the famous heavy fringed hairstyle would also undergo several transformations in those early days. Safely lodged in Clarence House with the Queen Mother after the announcement of the engagement, work began on building her a suitable wardrobe – the future Princess had few suitable clothes and was known to have borrowed evening dresses and

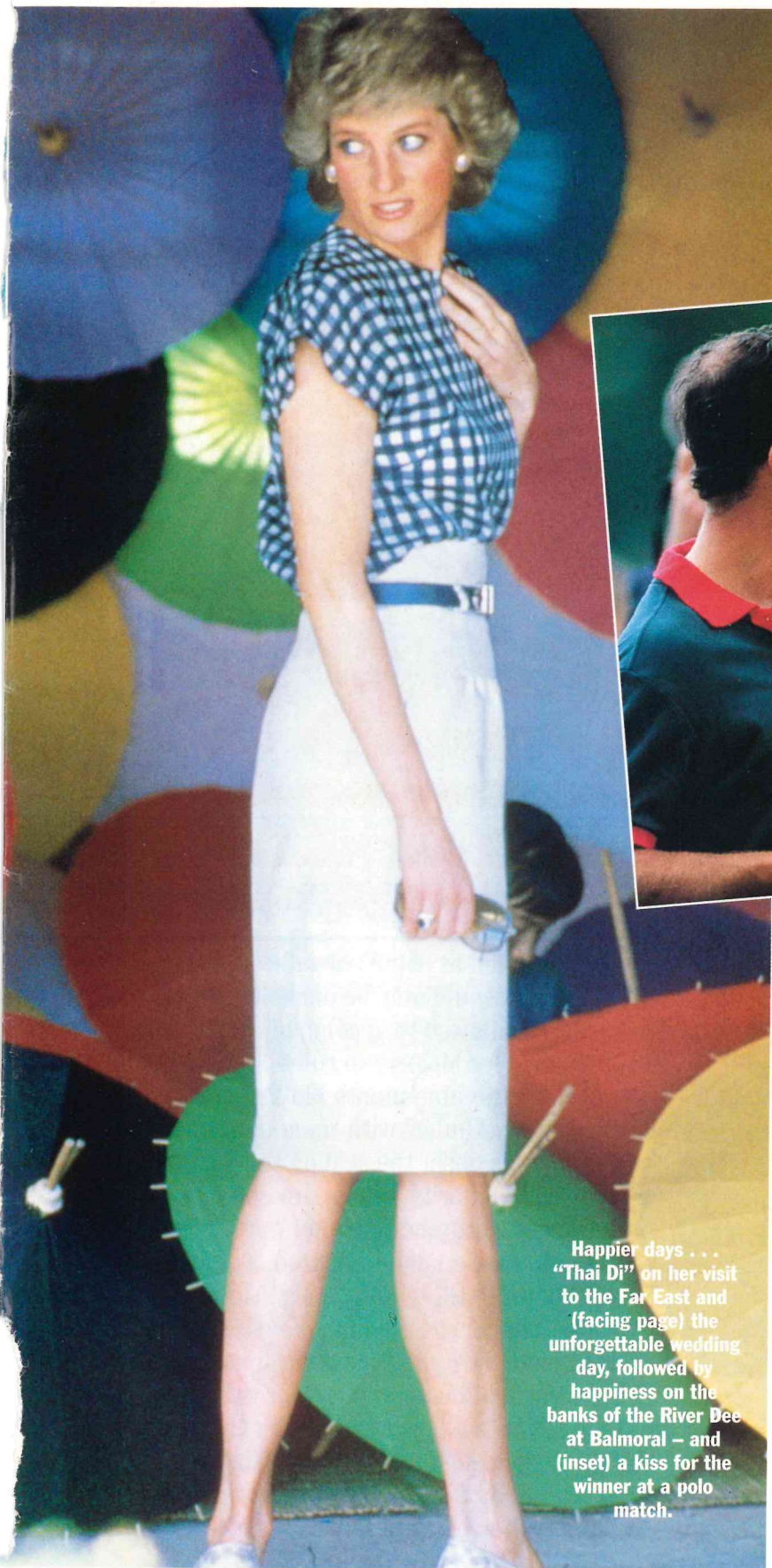


ball gowns from friends!

Her mother, Mrs Frances Shand Kydd, and her big sisters were called to the colours as well as some of the staff from *Vogue* magazine; they did the rounds, taking Diana on a tour of their own favourite designers . . . and the teenager was groomed to be a Royal princess.

There were the odd *faux-pas* during those early public appearances – like the night she met Princess Grace of Monaco and cried on her shoulder

because her black silk taffeta gown was too low-cut! There were happier occasions, though, as when Diana met one of her film heroes, Roger Moore, at a James



Happier days . . .
"Thai Di" on her visit
to the Far East and
(facing page) the
unforgettable wedding
day, followed by
happiness on the
banks of the River Dee
at Balmoral – and
(inset) a kiss for the
winner at a polo
match.

Bond premiere. The opportunity of meeting stars she admired as a teenager was a fact of Royal life that Diana was to enjoy.

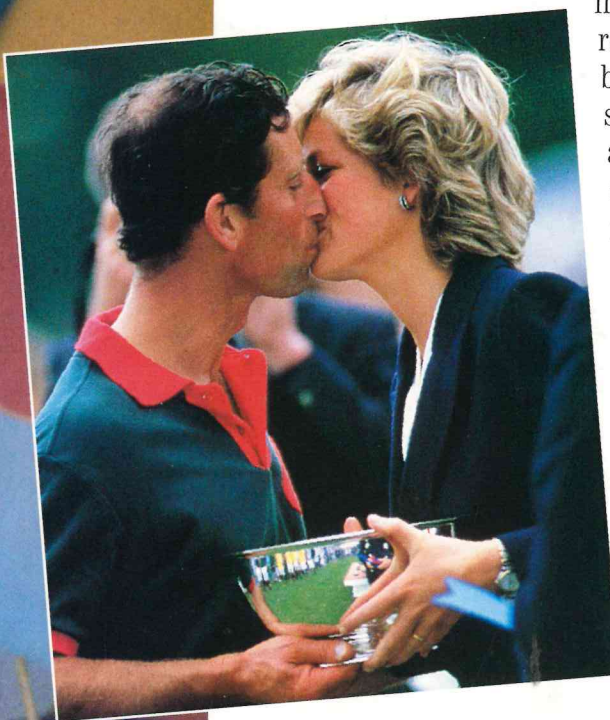
After the wedding and honeymoon, it was time for Prince Charles to parade his new bride before his future subjects and, as Prince of Wales, a tour of the

Principality was a natural first choice. The tour was a resounding success, despite being undertaken in what seemed to us on the trip as a permanent downpour . . . and it was here that the first evidence of the remarkable empathy that Diana could create with the thousands who turned out to see her and her husband. Apart from, perhaps, the Queen Mother, it was a quality that was in short supply in the Royal Family.

Then came the news that the world had waited for with bated breath – the Princess of

Wales was pregnant. But it was not to be an easy pregnancy; she suffered badly from morning sickness and complained "No one told me it would be like this!" But she was fit and healthy and the couple busied themselves in preparing their two residences – Highgrove House in Gloucestershire which Charles had bought prior to the marriage, and a duplex apartment in Kensington Palace before Prince William was born on June 21, 1982, in the Lindo Wing of St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The baby was delivered by the Queen's gynaecologist, Mr George Pinker and was christened William Arthur Philip Louis by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Music Room at Buckingham Palace on August 4, the Queen Mother's 82nd birthday.

Diana was to spend her own 21st birthday quietly at Kensington Palace. The only friend allowed to see her was a personable redhead – Sarah, the daughter of Prince Charles's polo manager, Major Ronald Ferguson; she, also, was to leave her mark on the Royal Family.





Happy as the new Royal mother was, problems arose during the Royal Family's long summer holiday at Balmoral when plans for Charles and Diana's first big overseas tour to Australia and New Zealand the following Spring, were being prepared. To Diana's horror, William was to be left at home with his nanny, Barbara Barnes – no Royal baby had ever been taken on an official overseas tour – and Diana became increasingly distraught.

Eventually, the Queen realised that Diana's misery

and apprehension at being parted from her new baby for weeks could only be dispelled if William were allowed to accompany his parents. And Her Majesty so ruled . . .

Taking the nine-month old Prince William "Down Under" with them on their six-week tour was to set the seal on the Wales's worldwide popularity. Diana, dressed in a magnificent wardrobe created by an army of designers, dazzled and delighted everyone, everywhere. In those early days Prince Charles was to act as a kind of watchdog as Diana made mistakes, mostly from the enthusiasm of inexperience. For example,

on that first tour of Wales a few months after the wedding, she shook so many hands so enthusiastically that her hands were sore and she nearly wrecked the timetable by stopping too often to talk to people in the



The Dancing Years: during Charles and Diana's first visit to the United States, the Princess posed with the First Lady, Mrs Nancy Reagan and (facing page, top) danced the night away with film star John Travolta at a White House gala. Husband Charles was a less energetic partner on the dance floor during one of their Australian visits, but (above) Diana fulfilled one of her schoolgirl fantasies when she had a private session with dancer Wayne Sleep on the stage of the Royal Opera House in London.



crowd of well-wishers. Charles had to keep shooting glances over his shoulder to check up on his wife's progress and send her signals to get a move on! But before long, Diana was well able to handle the public occasion, the walkabout, and the long lines of local dignitaries who were always there, whether it be West End theatre or cinema premieres or a visit to local council chambers.

She was also to develop quite quickly her own line in small talk, something at which her husband, with a lifetime's experience behind him, was a past-master. She was soon able to wrap up a three or four sentence conversation before moving onto the next handshake. This is a definite technique, although

the conversation would be singularly lacking in depth it was Diana as a Royal who had to kickstart the conversation. She soon learned to ask them the kind of questions that showed an interest but required only a short answer. The result was to leave behind a pleasant impression of friendliness and dignity – the tricks of the Royal trade.

But while it was inevitable, in those early days of the marriage and the adjustment to a high profile public image, that Diana was to be her husband's pupil, it was also evident that here was a personality in her own, indisputable right and not merely the pretty creature clad in designer fashions that elements of the press insisted she was.

Since the British Royals had been stripped of their political role and lack real clout in matters of state, their power now resides in the context of a different focus, social leadership, and is still as great as ever it was. As a future Queen, Diana was destined for this kind of leadership however, hesitant, awkward or immature she appeared in those first months as Princess of Wales. Diana's emergence fully into this role was delayed by the birth of her children; because of her own history as a child of a broken marriage, she was determined that in their early years the one thing they would not lack was their mother's love and devotion and time. For years, Prince Charles, too, would politely reject invitations and engagements that would keep him away from his children and their mother.

This obvious devotion to her duties as a mother was another virtue which endeared Diana to what was now a worldwide gathering of admirers. But although Diana was determined that her children would share the pleasures and pastimes of ordinary children and was to pursue this goal tenaciously later on in the marriage there were still some regal distinctions in the



One of the good causes the Princess kept up after her divorce was the English National Ballet. Here she is with the corps de ballet at London's Albert Hall for a gala performance of "Swan Lake".

Wales's household in those days. At Kensington Palace, the little princes always ate on the top floor nursery with their nanny – never in the formal dining room. At Highgrove, they shared their parents' breakfast and, if there were no guests, they would join Charles and Diana for lunch. Nursery suppers were taken with their nanny.

This apart, Diana was determined that her children would have some idea of how ordinary people live, work and play. What was not obvious in those days was that their mother's insistence in these areas inevitably would lead to confrontation of some kind; nor was it obvious to the outside world that Diana's growing maturity would also bring to a head the conflicts which already had been simmering under the public face of



the marriage.

Few people have ever aroused the worldwide respect and affection that the Princess of Wales had inspired almost from the moment she walked down the steps of St Paul's Cathedral on the arm of her husband in July 1981. The "honeymoon" period in those first two years of marriage only intensified the "feelgood" factor that Diana was to be for the British people and – as she toured the globe with Charles – for millions worldwide.

But 1985 began with a little warning about one aspect of her new life within the Royal Family that was to have profound and severe consequences years later: Diana was stunned to discover that her hairdresser, Kevin Stanley, had disclosed to a newspaper his

involvement in her world. Stanley's stories were harmless, confirming the public's impression of a lovely, friendly girl and his indiscretions were only minor. However, the Royals have always taken a dim view of trusted servants and staff selling their tales to publishers and, naturally, Stanley's actions were regarded as a betrayal of the young Princess's confidence. The price the errant hairdresser had to pay was to see Diana's needs in this area handed over to his partner, Richard Dalton.

But this was a minor blemish for Diana on the year that was to see her win millions more admirers in the United States and Italy as well as a return visit to Australia where she converted a Royal heirloom, Queen Mary's emerald choker, into a headband and danced her husband off his feet in Melbourne. This was the year when "Shy Di" was finally laid to rest with all her shyness and inhibitions and Diana became the Wonder of All the World.

But there were also some sniping: reports claimed she had spent more than £100,000 on clothes and during the visit to Italy she deliberately turned out in many of her old outfits. The fashion-conscious Italians then proceeded to dub her "Second Hand Rose". There was no dispute, however, about the impact she made on the world's Roman Catholics when she appeared in a dignified black dress with veil for her Papal Audience in Rome. The responsibility for ensuring that the Princess was appropriately dressed for this important occasion was entrusted to the skills of Catherine Walker, who was almost in the process of becoming court dressmaker to Diana.

But there were fresh grounds for the increasingly confident Diana to conquer, and next on her list was the United States. The new-found confidence in her role as her country's Royal ambassadress shone from Diana as she stepped off the Royal flight onto American soil.

For dinner at the White House with President Ronald Reagan and his wife Nancy, Diana chose a simple but stunning gown of midnight velvet, cut low on the shoulders to display a huge sapphire mounted on a pearl choker. It was also the night when one of her dreams came true. "Dancing is my passion," she had said, and she ended the evening dancing with John Travolta.

It was also the year in which she joined Charles in



front of the television cameras for an interview with Sir Alistair Burnet, the first they had given since the wedding. In the sumptuous Kensington Palace drawing room, where the couple had met and entertained celebrities and heads of state, viewers saw Charles and Diana pooh-pooh rumours about their marriage. Andrew Morton's book, *Diana: Her True Story*, was still years in

the future . . .

For Diana, the highlight of the year was that it saw Prince William start school that September, when she delivered him to Mrs Mynor's small nursery school in Chepstow Villas, London. Motherhood was something that Diana, with her broken background, took terribly seriously. Along with Charles, she had taken William back to their newly decorated Kensington Palace apartment where, only a few days off her 21st birthday, Diana had stamped her loving personality on her son's early days. He was breastfed and it was his mother, not nanny Barbara Barnes, who got up in the night to nurse him.

As he grew, both she and Charles would ensure that there was time for play before the little Prince was tucked up every night and when the TV cameras were allowed into Kensington Palace, the British people were given a glimpse of two adoring parents devoted to amusing a happy and active baby. Child experts enthused over how the Prince and Princess were bringing up their baby. However, it was a learning experience that both found harder as William grew into a determined toddler – in Diana's own words, "a little terror". But Diana was determined to be the Thoroughly Modern Mother and, in contrast to her husband's upbringing when he was wheeled about in a

huge coach-built pram until he was three, Diana soon had William in a lie-back buggy, like most children of his generation. Neither would she dress him in girls' clothes until the age of two, as had been the custom in father Charles's day! She took pleasure in shopping herself for attractive outfits for her son.

When little brother Prince Henry arrived in

1961-1997
Diana *Queen of Fashion*



Kyoto, Japan 1986.
Diana was presented
with a hand-painted
kimono of an exotic,
traditional design.

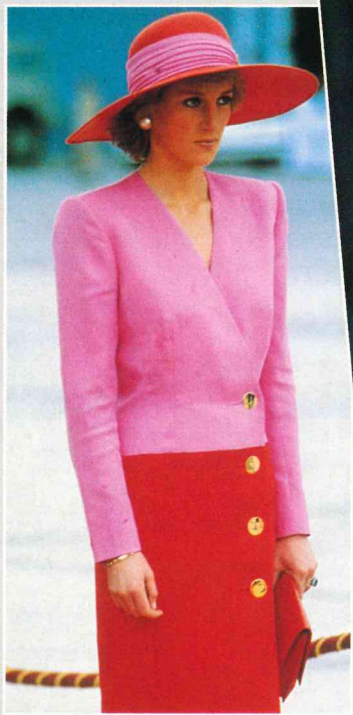


- This sophisticated, slanted hat was worn by Diana in 1985 at the National Gallery in Washington D.C.
- (Top left) A charming hat from the Princess's second solo engagement in 1981. □ (Left) small Frederick Fox hat with a navy lace veil. □ Facing page: (top left) Ascot, June 1981 and Diana sports a hat combined with a three-piece suit by Bellville Sassoon. This outfit was also worn on her Tasmanian visit in 1983. □ (Bottom left) A two-tone felt hat worn with a double-breasted coat and, September 1996, Diana stunned the audience in this beautiful lace dress at a charity dinner in Washington D.C.





□ A 1995 red coat worn over a white and red dot dress.
□ (Left) A svelte and casual two-piece suit.
□ (Below left) A Catherine Walker tomato red dress worn under a short pink jacket worn in Dubai. □ (Below) Diana loved red and this dress was alternated with accessories on various occasions, like this dashing feathered blue hat.



□ A 1996 charity gala dinner in the USA was charmed with her glamour and star quality.
□ (Above right) An effervescent Diana, in a shocking pink dress.



□ October 1995. Charity work in Birmingham when she visited the National Institute of Conductive Education. Diana maintained her public poise throughout the protracted separation period before her divorce.

□ (Left) A simple pink dress, ornamented stylishly by a blue and yellow ribbon worn during a function at London's Savoy Hotel, 1989. □ (Below left) Diana in her favourite colour red, this time a suit with matching hat and handbag.

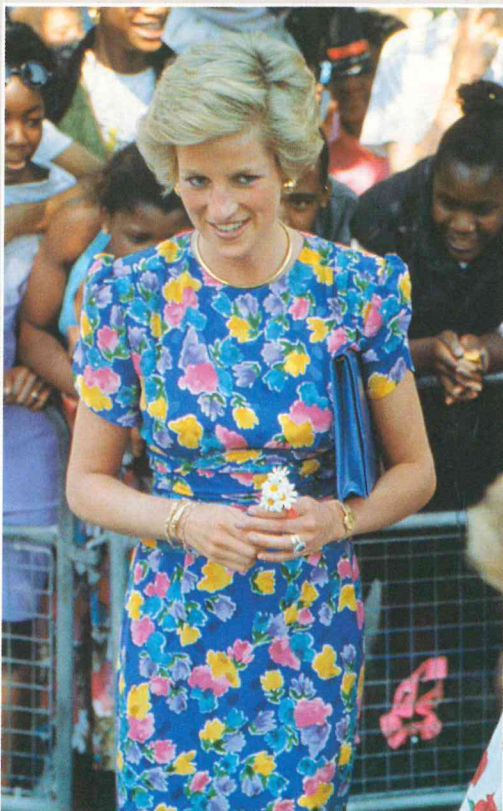




March 1997. Diana attended the "Gold Awards" at the Savoy Hotel. Her natural beauty and immaculate fashion sense never failed to draw admiring crowds.

(Left) Diana in checked pink trousers at a polo match at Windsor, 1986, and again in 1988 at a polo match wearing a colourful dress, with a wide waistline by Bellville Sassoon.

Facing page: (right) 1982. A pregnant Diana at Windsor wearing another of her favoured colours, pink, and (left) in a deep red skirt and top with matching red shoes and handbag,



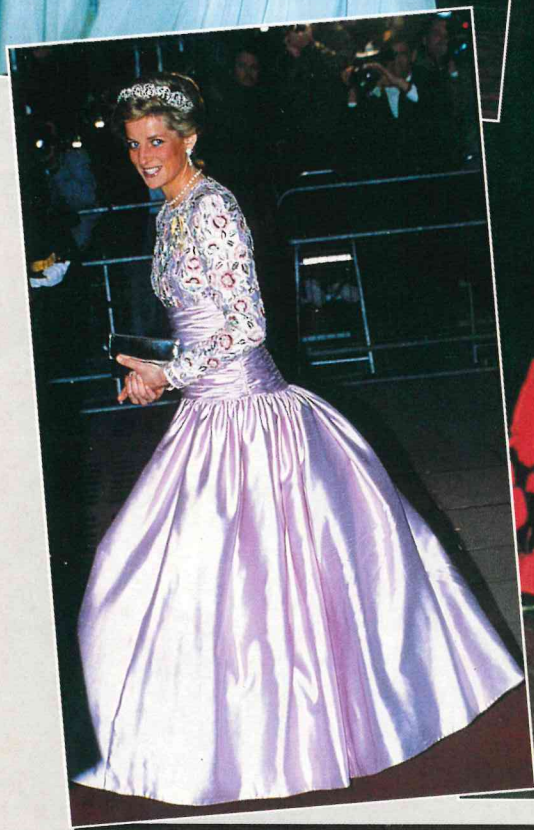
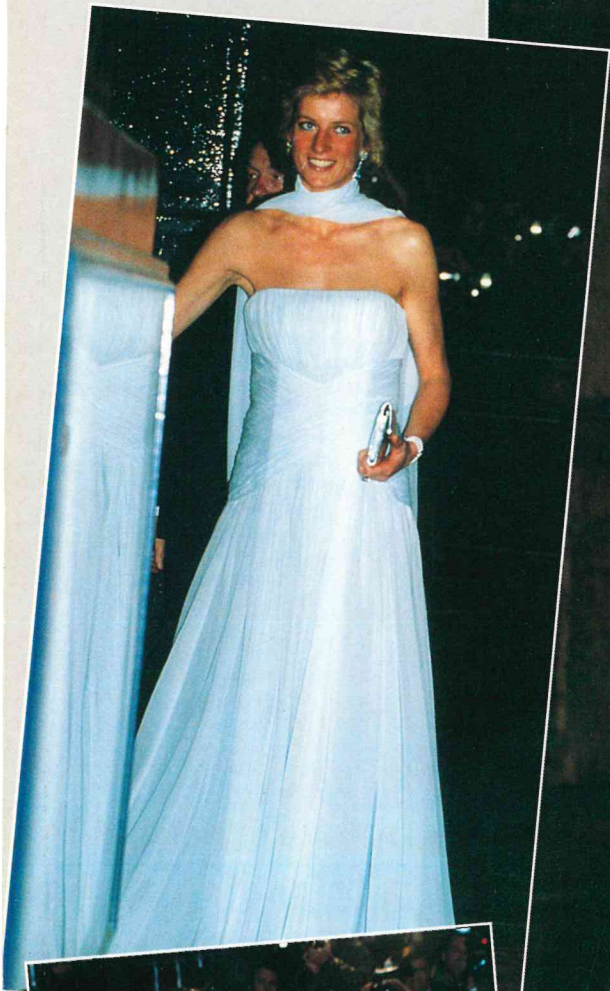


June 1997: Christie's auctioneers in London, the Princess attends a reception and preview of her dresses-auction. She wore one of her most stunning outfits ever, a figure-hugging powder blue, low cut cocktail dress.

(Left) December 1984 on "Worlds Aids Day", casually dressed in a two piece suit with a high belt. (Facing page) August 1995: elegant and chic, Diana is pensive at the VJ Day Remembrance.

(Left) Charles and Diana visited Portugal in February 1987 and one of Diana's outfits was this creamy dress and coat, contrasted by a black belt and boots.





□ The first time Diana wore this dress (left) was during the Wales' Australian tour in 1988. A Catherine Walker creation, the pink and blue strapless gown with a large bow flaring from one hip, became one of Diana's favourites.

□ Kent, May 1995: still HRH Princess of Wales, and in a pink suit (main picture) presenting New Colours to the 2nd Battalion.

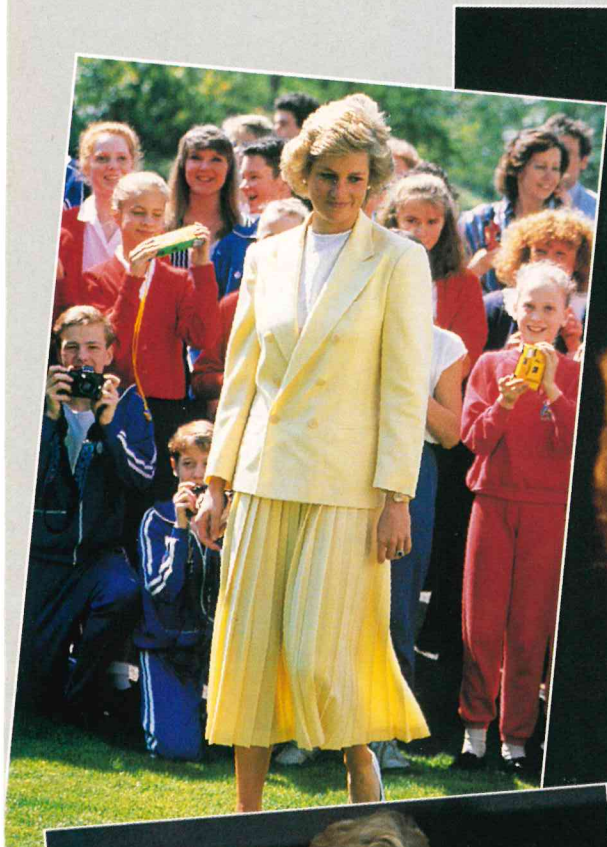
□ Facing page: (Right) Another stunning Catherine Walker design, when Diana was made an honorary barrister at London's Inner Temple. □ (Top left) London 1987 at the premiere of "Superman" she wore this strapless, pastel blue evening dress. □ (Bottom left) For a dinner at the Crown Prince's Palace in Kuwait during the 1989 Gulf tour, Diana wore this magnificent lilac silk gown, delicately embroidered with flowers and beads.







□ March 1997, and a new, confident Diana after lunch with stepmother Raine, Countess de Chambrun, in a smart double-breasted trouser suit. □ (Left) A summer cool dress when the Waleses were guest of King Juan Carlos of Spain, Majorca, August 1987. Facing page: □ (Right) One of the Catherine Walker dresses that went under the hammer at Christie's this year. This Empire-style dress of black silk crepe and diamante paste embroidery was inspired by Moghul designs, and appropriately was worn on an official visit to India in 1992.





□ (Right) Diana unveiled her new "wet look" at a gala evening in New York, dressed in an electric blue evening dress, a similar ensemble to that in the main picture. □ Facing page: (Right) Oslo, February 1984 and Diana's first solo engagement abroad. At a ballet gala she wore this red duchess saturn dress by Jan Van Velden. □ (Top) May 1988. On a sunny day, Diana chose a double-breasted yellow suit, with a full pleated skirt. □ (Below) Another bold fashion statement from the Princess - a creamy yellow dress with pink lapels and shoulders.





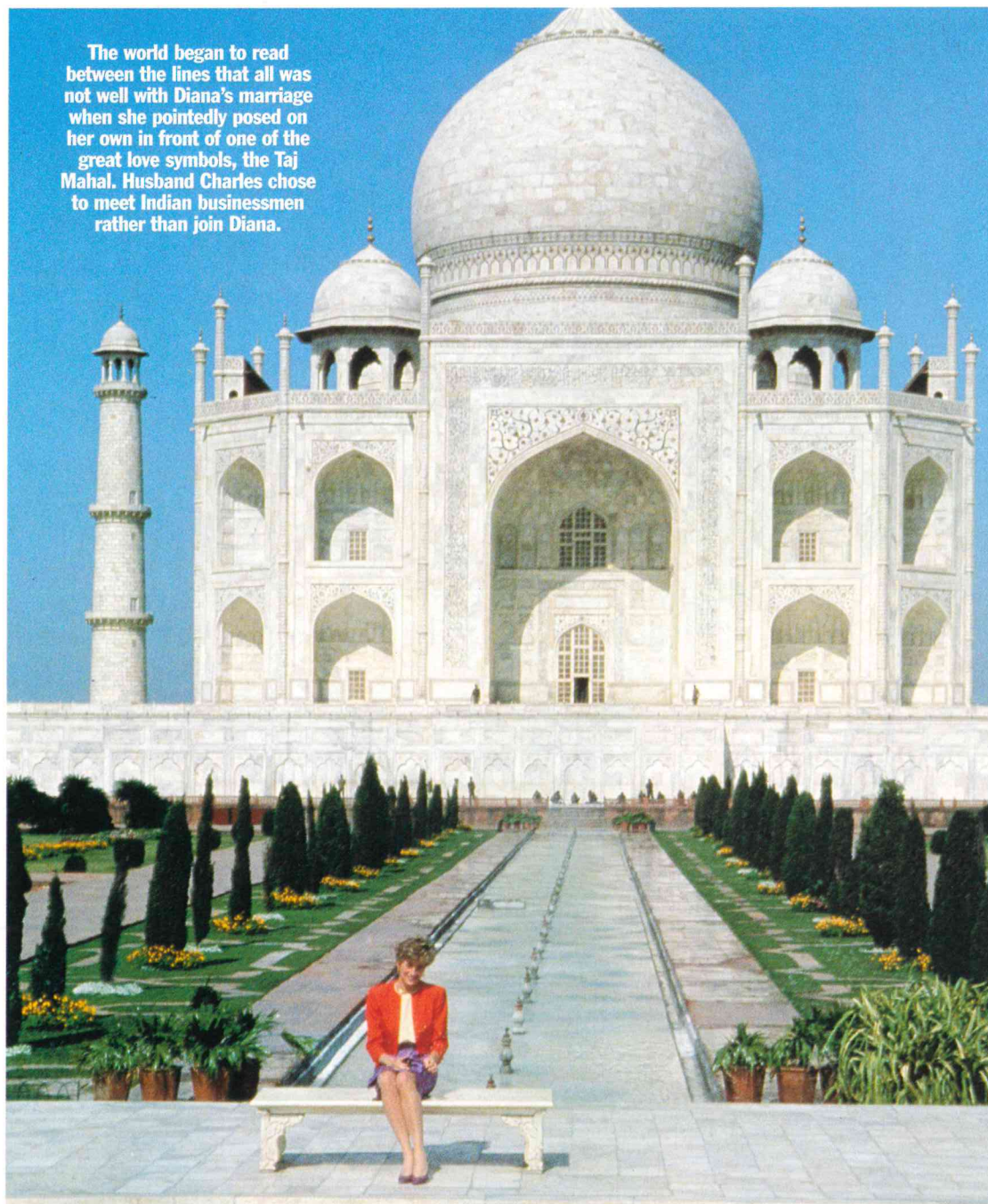
□ (Above) June 1997. The Royal Albert Hall, Diana, with a new hairstyle and a daring blue, low-cut dress. □ (Right) The epitome of cool in the heat of Australia during her 1988 visit there with Prince Charles.

□ Facing Page: (Left) Diana at her most glamorous in a streamlined, embroidered dress. (Right) November 1993. At the Dorchester Hotel Diana attended a Malaysian banquet.





The world began to read between the lines that all was not well with Diana's marriage when she pointedly posed on her own in front of one of the great love symbols, the Taj Mahal. Husband Charles chose to meet Indian businessmen rather than join Diana.



when Diana had William flown out to join her, she was unable to take her children on tour but she had both boys flown out to join their parents on the Royal Yacht *Britannia* at the end of the Italian tour. It was a wonderful reunion where the proud parents both showed off their sons as *Britannia* sailed out of Venice.

The following year, 1986, would bring a fresh face to the Royal arena. Diana is reputed to have played Cupid in bringing together her friend Sarah Ferguson and brother-in-law Prince Andrew. The newspaper chase followed the same pattern set five years previously when Charles and Diana were the quarry, contriving secret rendezvous with a little help from their friends. On March 19th, the engagement was announced and Diana was given what must have been a welcome break from the limelight as the cameras were turned on "Fergie".

FROM PAGE 24 ➡

September 1984, big brother William could scarcely contain himself as he scampered up the stairs of Paddington St Mary's Lindo Wing where the baby had been delivered in the same room.

Now that there were two noisy boys in the nursery, the Princess felt fulfilled as a mother . . . and it was so much easier the second time around. Harry turned out to be quieter and more docile than his big brother.

Since that ground-breaking first visit to Australia

The arrival of someone of her own generation in Royal circles certainly did bring about a change in Diana. The first sign was when she and comedienne Pamela Stephenson combined in an outrageous prank on Sarah's "stag" night when they gatecrashed a London nightclub dressed as policewomen! The wedding, with Prince William as a page boy, went ahead at Westminster Abbey on July 23rd.

Diana's fascination had crossed most of the world's boundaries and it was the turn of the Japanese

1961-1997
Diana *the mother*





Diana's moments of fulfilment – she leaves the Lindo Wing in Paddington St Mary's Hospital with Prince Charles after the birth of their first son, William, on June 21, 1982. (Facing page) Three years later, Diana stands on the same hospital steps in September 1984 to show the world her second son Harry.



1961-1997
Diana *the mother*

Diana at her happiest and most exuberant as a young mother. Dashing for the line with other mothers during William and Harry's school sports day and (below) the proud mother presents her charges on Harry's first day at prep school where he joined big brother William.







A joyous moment of reunion when Diana was reunited with her sons on the Royal Yacht during a state visit to Canada. The Princess was determined that the young Princes should experience as wide a range of activities as possible – (right) building sandcastles on a holiday beach and (facing page, top) skiing in Switzerland. (Bottom) William's first official photo call for the world's press in the gardens at Kensington Palace.



A word of guidance for Prince Harry during one of his first appearances at an official engagement and (facing page) the more fun moments – riding the rapids at a theme park and (bottom) Harry ploughing through the Mediterranean waves on a water ski with his mother during their last holiday with the Al Fayed family in August.





FROM PAGE 42 e

to be won over when she and Charles visited Tokyo. The choice of an outfit which incorporated the colours of the Japanese national flag was a sign that the Princess had more on her mind than just the latest fashion when

women, and here was a challenge indeed. Diana instructed her designers to provide outfits that covered up her shoulders, arms and legs. She did however raise a few eyebrows with her V-necks and soft fabrics that tended to cling to her shapely legs in the breeze!

When Diana wilted in the heat of British Columbia during their visit to Canada, the rumour machine went into overdrive – the Princess was pregnant again. Would this be the much-longed for daughter? Not for the first time, nor the the last, did Buckingham Palace issue a denial.

That summer also saw the first of what was to become almost an annual event – Charles, Diana and the two little Princes joining the Spanish Royals, King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia, at their summer palace in Majorca. Charles had long been an admirer of the Spanish King, especially after Juan Carlos had thwarted an attempted right-wing coup mounted by disaffected military officers.

Another TV film in which the couple were shown in their Highgrove home, seemed to cement in the public's mind that this, indeed, was a fairytale marriage.

Fun on the ski-slopes and tripping the light fantastic with her husband in another memorable tour of Australia – the years 1987 and 1988 were to be triumphant for the Princess of Wales, marred only by the tragedy on the ski slopes of Klosters when Charles had a close shave with death when an avalanche swept through his party, killing one

of his friends.

These were also the years when the “Fergie Factor” became an ingredient – and not always helpful to her image – in her life as a Royal. The fairy tale



these visits were arranged.

Next stop was the Gulf States, a bit of an ordeal for a Princess who never felt comfortable in intense heat. Add to that the strict Islamic dress codes for



The eyes have it . . .
Diana in the operating
theatre of a London
hospital. The two great
British children's hospitals
were among her favourite
charities.

romance, as far as the world was concerned, had blossomed into the fairy tale marriage.

By the late Eighties, Diana was approaching the peak of her popularity and, in 1987, we began to see the effect that the arrival within the ranks of the Royal Family of someone of her own generation was to have. Sarah Ferguson's marriage to Prince Andrew had the simple effect of releasing the Princess of Wales from what she must have felt were the many constraints of her life. The new Duchess of York was seen as the proverbial breath of fresh air, and it was a heady whiff of oxygen for Diana. They were to be seen as a Royal double act . . . but they were also seen to have sometimes stepped over the line which defines the behaviour of the Royals.

It may have been youthful high spirits that prompted their behaviour at Royal Ascot that year – wolf-whistling Princess Michael of Kent and poking a friend's bottom with an umbrella. But once the chuckling had subsided, there were those who thought

this was not the example that the newest and youngest members of the House of Windsor should be setting.

With hindsight, it may be said that 1987 was the year that the first cracks in the facade of the Wales's fairy tale marriage began to appear. Diana, who had always loved dancing, took the floor on a variety of occasions to boogie the night away with various young men at parties. When the newspapers revealed that she had also spent the weekend at the home of a friend, rumours about the troubles growing up between Charles and Diana were quite rife.

Veteran Royal watchers began to put two and two together. Prince Charles retreated to his beloved Balmoral – minus his wife – for longer and longer periods. It was common knowledge that Diana never did relish those lengthy holidays spent in the Highland splendour and isolation that had been part of the Royal Family's routine since the days of Queen Victoria. Dutifully, she went – but was soon heading to Aberdeen's airport and jetting back to London as soon



Diana's friend Dodi Al Fayed, who died with her in that horrific Paris accident, was – like Prince Charles – an enthusiastic and skilful polo player.

as it appeared seemly.

Eventually, it seems that Queen Elizabeth interceded to read what passes within the House of Windsor as the riot act and Charles and Diana went off on a state visit to West Germany, followed later in the year by triumphant visits to the Iberian peninsula where Diana added millions of Spanish and Portuguese to her growing, worldwide collection of admirers.

But the day in 1987 that was most firmly implanted in Diana's mind was the cold January 1st morning when she handed over her eldest son, Prince William, to the care of Frederika Blair Turner, headmistress of London's Wetherby School. It was also the day that the Wales's first nanny, Barbara Barnes, left amid allegations of disagreements between her and

Diana. The search for a replacement resulted in a new nanny, Ruth Wallace, slotting into place at Kensington Palace and Highgrove. In the autumn Prince Harry followed big brother William's footsteps by starting at Mrs Mynor's kindergarten. And with both boys at school, Diana was offered an opportunity to broaden her horizons, an opportunity she grasped with both hands.

The caring side of the Princess of Wales was devoted to alleviating the stress and distress that drug abuse was inflicting on Great Britain, especially in the disadvantaged inner-city areas. This was a concern that fitted in well with her husband's concerns and campaigns . . . but Diana was to grab the public's attention with her concern for the victims of what was being called the 20th Century Plague – AIDS.

With campaigns for these causes dominating her public life, the year was to end with a newly confident Princess of Wales striving successfully to raise funds and public awareness for various charities, such as Birthright which researched into pregnancy problems, a natural care for a young mother who herself had just come through two uncomplicated pregnancies.

Australia, the scene of her first triumphant overseas visit as Princess of Wales, once again provided the setting in which Charles and Diana could shine. Charles had spent time there as a teenager, completing his education, and ever since had felt a special bond with "Down Under". The 1988 celebration of Australia's bi-centennial could have found no more enthusiastic VIP guests than the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Aussies were not disappointed.

The highlight of a remarkable and memorable tour came in Melbourne when Diana swept Charles around the dance floor. He might have been no John Travolta, Diana's dancing partner when she and Charles had been the guests of President Reagan at the White House, but the Prince's obvious pleasure at wowing the crowds with his increasingly sophisticated and beautiful young wife by his side, on and in his arms, was unmistakable.

With Australia conquered anew, Charles and Diana stopped off in Thailand on their way back to Britain – it was King Bhumipol's 60th birthday. The Princess seemed to bloom in this exotic environment, the British tabloids took to calling her "Thai Di"! But there was no doubt that she especially relished the

exotic backdrop that Thailand provided. Diana's increasing confidence also manifested itself in her conquest of the fear of public speaking. There is no question that the fact that she was speaking on matters that were near and dear to her heart had much to do with this. But she was beginning to take the first steps to dismissing the smart jibe that the world's most photographed woman was nothing more than the modern equivalent of a star of the old silent screen - we knew she looked terrific but we never heard her speak!

Europe's ski slopes had always held a fascination for the Prince of Wales. Charles was an expert skier and since his youth had headed for the snow and the high mountains as often as duties allowed. Diana enjoyed these ski trips at her husband's side, although she was no equal for him on skis. But 1988's annual holiday in the Swiss resort of Klosters was to bring the Prince and Princess as close to tragedy as they had ever been. The Duchess of York had joined Charles and Diana in Klosters and, one morning, expert skier Charles left for the more difficult slopes with a party of friends and an Alpine guide.

Out of the blue, the party was engulfed by an avalanche which killed Charles's friend Major Hugh Lindsay and seriously injured another, Patti Palmer Tomkinson. Back in the holiday chalet, Diana and Sarah heard the dreadful news and that the Prince had been



The trouble with the paparazzi began early. Before the announcement of her engagement in February 1981, Diana (above) was already a target. (Top) By the time of her separation from Prince Charles, her technique for avoiding them had improved.

only moments from death himself. The fun friendship that had grown up between the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York had now been overshadowed by tragedy; it was never to be the same again for either party.

When the effect of the Kloster's tragedy had subsided, Charles and Diana took up their Royal duties with a state visit to France. To please her hosts and by now well entrenched in her unofficial role as ambassadress-at-large for the British fashion industry, Diana beguiled them by turning up dressed from head-to-toe by Chanel. The French, long cultural adversaries of the English, had been conquered on their home ground and at their own game, *haute couture*. The French were ecstatic –

none more so than the Minister of Culture, Jacques Lang – and Diana was to administer the *coup de grace* with a stunning Victor Edelstein ballgown.

The year was to see the arrival of another Royal baby – the first child of the Duke and Duchess of York was born on the eighth day of the eighth month of 1988 and, so the astrologers maintain, a very lucky girl indeed. Her aunt Diana was to dote on the new baby, christened Beatrice, visiting her on every possible occasion. This devotion to the new baby sparked speculation that Charles and Diana were to have a third child and a little girl was what the world wanted. But it was not to be, and while Diana's standing grew, the new Duchess found herself attacked for

leaving her new daughter at home while she flew to Australia to link up with husband Prince Andrew, still a serving officer in the Royal Navy.

This year also saw the Prince of Wales celebrate his 40th birthday, marked by a new set of family portraits taken at Highgrove. The vision of a happy family that leapt from these portraits was overwhelming, and was underlined by speeches Diana had made in favour of family life as President of Relate, the re-named Marriage Guidance Council. As far as the world was concerned, the fairy tale romance had blossomed into the fairy tale marriage . . .

The New Year, 1989, was to start with a family holiday with her children, mother and sisters on the Caribbean island of Necker, followed by a whirlwind visit to New York where Diana touched the hearts of the world with a visit to a children's AIDS ward in Harlem – as she was to do again when she visited a leper hospital in Indonesia, making a point of holding hands with lepers. Brother Charles Spencer married and there were still no public signs of the tensions that we now know were building up in private between the Prince and Princess.

Lady Diana Spencer's arrival within the British Royal Family came as the new decade of the 1980s was shaping up. It was to be a decade of fundamental change for Britain and British society, and the Royal Family were not immune. The major revolution that was to affect them was the transformation of Britain's tabloid press. In the early years of the Thatcherite Eighties, it was to become a nuisance. By the end of the decade it was considered by many to be an actual threat to the institution of the monarchy.

The new Princess of Wales was to be at the centre of this gradual transformation within the uneasy relationship between the British press and Buckingham Palace. Even before the wedding in July 1981, the Queen was having the proverbial "quiet word" with Fleet Street's editors to "go easy" on Lady Diana, as she still then was. They said "Yes, ma'am" and went on their own sweet ways for the rest of the decade. Nuisance and irritation they certainly were, but it was with the advent of the Nineties that they began to be regarded as something more dangerous and the ammunition for the tabloids was to be provided by members of the Royal Family themselves.

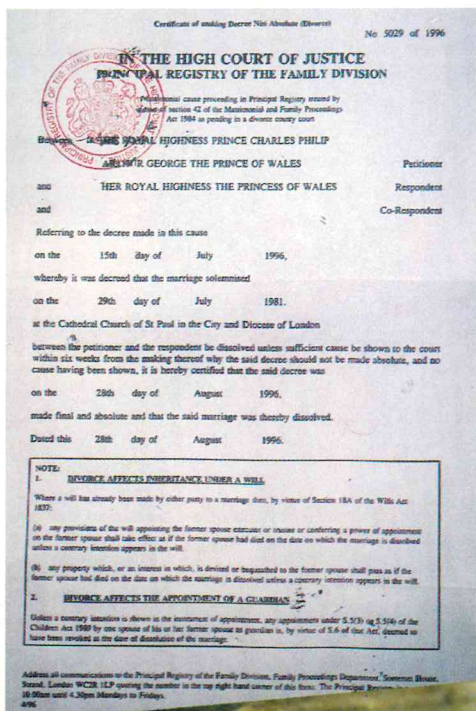
But before the chasm opened up under their feet, the latter years of the Eighties were providing evidence of bigger and bigger cracks in the facade that was the Fairy Tale Marriage. Various tabloids began to fly kites that all was not sweetness and light between the Prince and Princess of an evening at Kensington Palace.

The newspapers' Royal correspondents, whose full-time job it was to chronicle the daily movements of the Royals, kept picking up signs. They were to climax in the publication of Andrew

Morton's book, *"Diana, Her True Story"*, in the summer of 1992. And

just months after that bombshell, there was a disastrous tour of South Korea. Reports abounded that Diana did not want to go and was persuaded by the Queen herself that it was her duty – and if the Windsors were about anything, it was the fulfilment of duty. But within weeks of their return, the separation was announced.

Those who felt that the younger generation of the



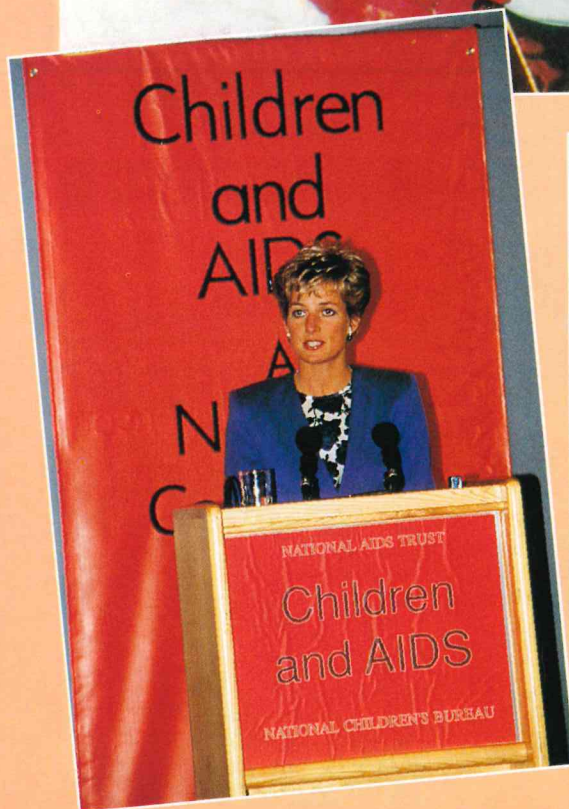
Diana broke all the Royal rules when she gave her TV interview to the BBC's "Panorama" programme before the divorce was finalised. (Top) The document that brought the Fairy Tale Romance to an end.

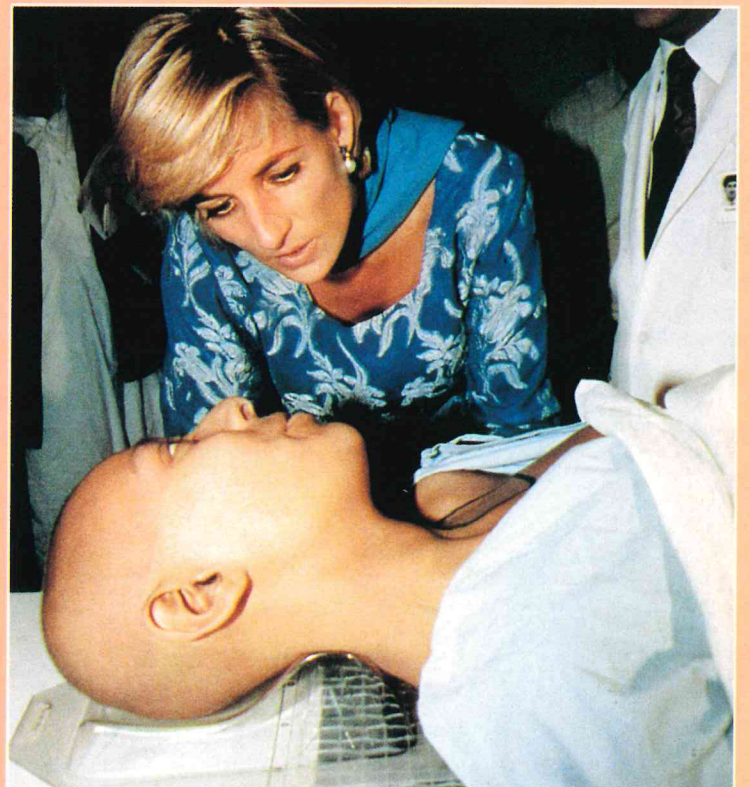
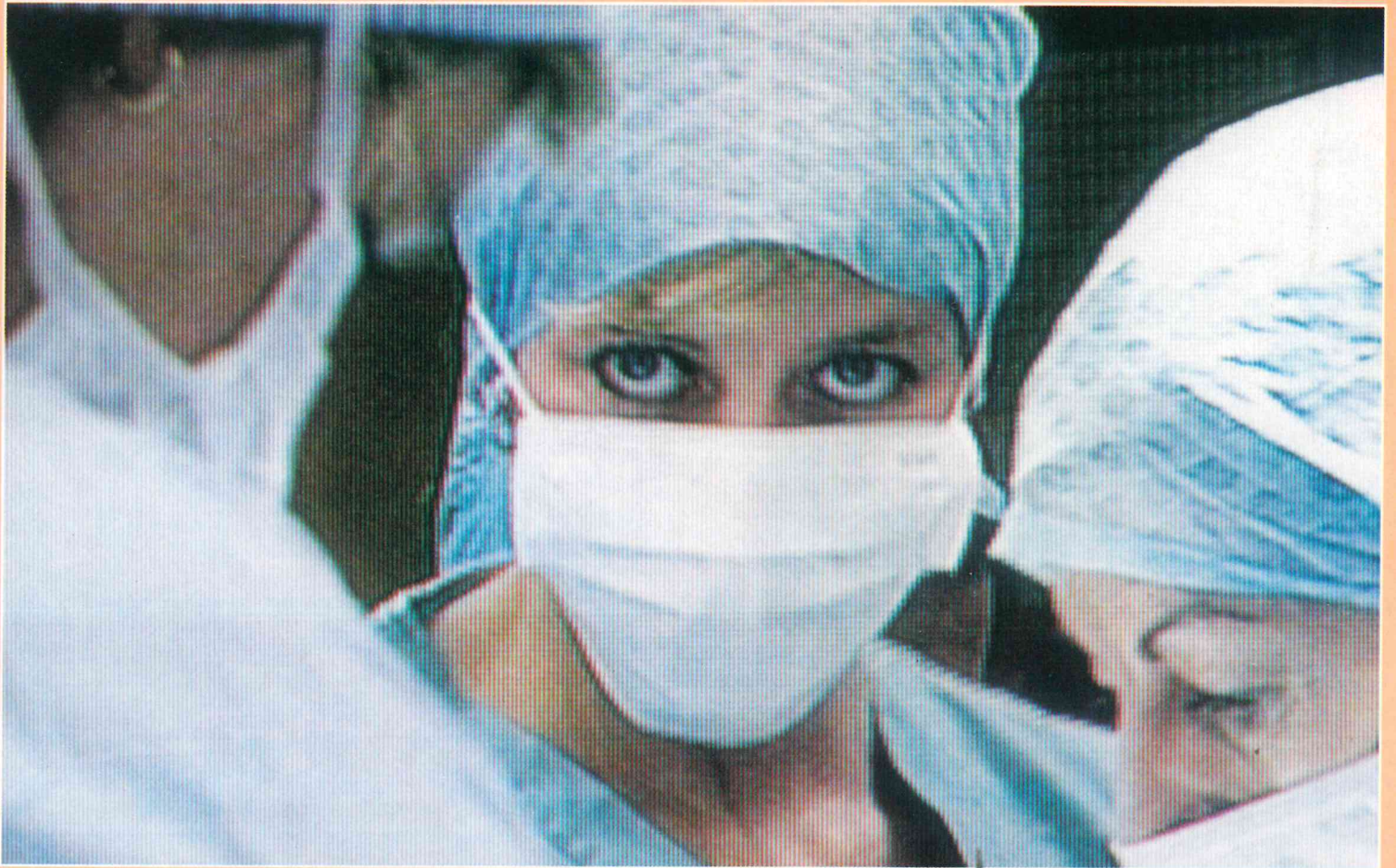
•1961-1997
Diana *Queen of Hearts*





One of Diana's favourite pictures – taken in Pakistan when she visited the newlywed Jemima Khan. (Below, left) Speaking to raise funds for the cause of AIDS research and (right) with children on her last trip to war-torn Bosnia, (Facing page) Watching an operation at Great Ormond Street Hospital and (below, left) with an Aids-infected infant in Washington and (right) a cheering word with a cancer sufferer.







A color photograph of Princess Diana, a blonde woman in a light blue short-sleeved button-down shirt and olive green trousers, sitting on the ground and smiling warmly at a young boy. The boy, wearing a white t-shirt and striped shorts, sits in her lap. To the left, a young girl in a pink and white plaid shirt and a blue floral skirt sits on the ground, holding a wooden stick. To the right, a young man in a green t-shirt with 'LA GEAR' and '4B 189' printed on it sits on the ground, also holding a wooden stick. A man in a dark suit is partially visible in the background, with his hand resting on the boy's head. The setting appears to be outdoors in a rural or conflict-affected area, with a textured wall in the background.

Diana's commitment to the campaign for a worldwide ban on anti-personnel landmines was one of the driving forces in the last few months of her life. Beginning with her visit to Angola – devastated by civil war for decades – where she comforted some of the young victims of these terrible weapons. (Facing page, bottom) Perhaps one of her greatest humanitarian achievements – shaking hands with an AIDS sufferer in London and transforming the public's view of the disease and its victims.

House of Windsor was transforming it into a House of Cards had already had further evidence with the separation of the Duke and Duchess of York, just months before the newspaper serialisation of the Morton book. The Merry Wives of Windsor, it seems, were anything but . . . Yet 1989 and 1990 were still years that saw Diana increase her worldwide family of admirers. New ports of call were Hong Kong and Indonesia, where she visited a leper colony and insisted on sitting on the sufferers' beds and pointedly holding their hands. Together with a whirlwind solo visit to New York where she visited a children's AIDS ward, this was the caring princess in top gear. It was only later that we were to realise that her wholehearted embracing of these aspects with which her status brought her into contact might have been part of holding onto her peace of mind, if not her sanity, as the marriage crumbled beneath her.

There were other diversions, too. Her young brother Charles got married and her sister Sarah gave birth to her third child just before Christmas 1989. So obvious was Diana's desire to add to her own family that the tabloids immediately burst into a frenzy of speculating when William and Harry would have a sister! It all seemed so innocent at the time . . . *Diana, Her True Story* was to tell the world why it wasn't going to happen.

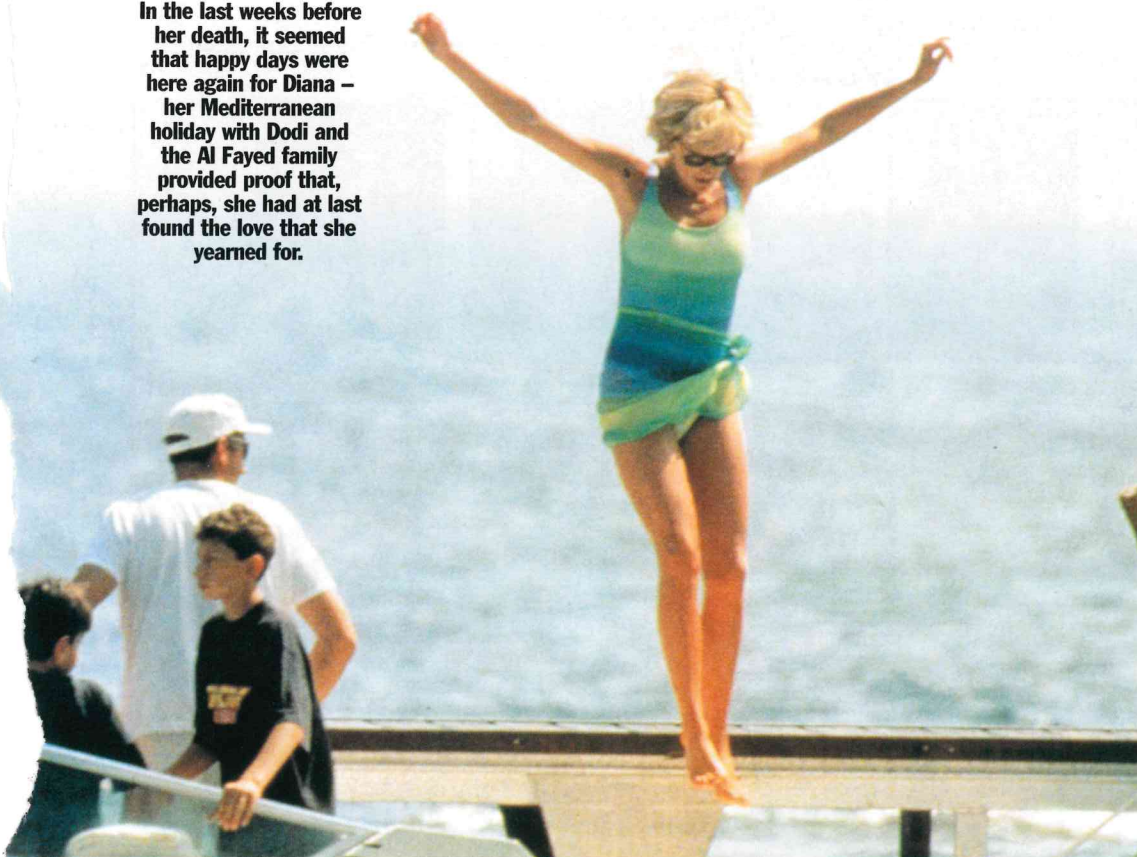


As if to rub salt into those hidden wounds, the Duchess of York gave birth to a second daughter, Eugenie, and Diana's haste to rush to the hospital to congratulate her friend

and see her new niece took on an added poignancy. This was also the year when Prince Harry joined big brother William at preparatory school . . . and even the fullest of engagement diaries could not fill the gaping hole that was beginning to appear in her life.

She was trying very hard, though. Diana was now president or patron of over thirty charitable organisations, still determined to tackle many of the more unpleasant areas of life; as well as her continued support for the sick, disabled and terminally ill, she visited homes for battered wives and became publicly involved with Childline, a charity which provided a free telephone link to help abused children. Her public speaking had taken on an air of confidence and

In the last weeks before her death, it seemed that happy days were here again for Diana – her Mediterranean holiday with Dodi and the Al Fayed family provided proof that, perhaps, she had at last found the love that she yearned for.



authority that, a few years before, she had despaired of achieving. To the world at large, she had become a fully fledged Royal, the jewel in the crown of the House of Windsor.

The gathering clouds were still not visible on the horizon; indeed, few suspected that there were any clouds at all. The end of that innocence were presaged by that ill-fated visit to South Korea, although those adept at reading the runes had noticed a growing physical and emotional distance between Diana and Charles in overseas tours in the early Nineties – especially those to the newly democratised republics of Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Even here, Diana's unerring instinct for that caring touch was shown when she walked hand-in-hand down the welcoming red carpet at Budapest airport with the Hungarian President's wife and provided her with a shoulder on which to shed a tear when the arrival of the British Royals seemed to overwhelm her.

But by the time the Prince and Princess of Wales stepped off the aircraft in the South Korean capital of

Seoul in November 1992, there was no hiding the tension and almost tangible distaste they gave off on every public appearance. The buzz about the Morton book revelations and their possible aftermath was already gripping Fleet Street, the entire British press and the public in general. South Korea ensured that whatever defensive strategy Buckingham Palace might care to mount to protect the future of the marriage just wouldn't wash.

The great debate still goes on – was Diana wise to give her implicit approval to the book and its revelations? Was this her method of providing Charles with his own customised version of hell and a woman scorned? Did she overplay her hand? Did she overestimate her appeal and popularity with the public? Did she really think she could set up an

alternative "court" around herself? Did she think through the implications of being the wife of the heir to the throne and the mother of a future monarch? Did she honestly think that the House of Windsor would allow her to clutch the Princes William and Harry to her breast and bring them up as she thought fit? Or was this the rash reaction of a desperate woman driven to her wits' end by a loveless marriage that became more and more unendurable as she herself matured?

Questions like these were not answered and now never will be. One thing is not in doubt, however – the contribution the Princess of Wales made to the popularity and appeal of the Royal Family is incalculable. I always joked that it boils down to their royal world falling into two eras, "B.D." and "A.D." – before Diana and after Diana. The "A.D." era ended in the mangled wreckage of a Mercedes in a Paris underpass in the early hours of Sunday, August 31st – or maybe not quite . . .

BOB HOUSTON



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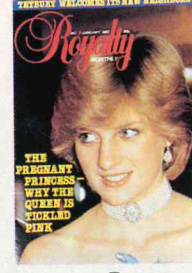
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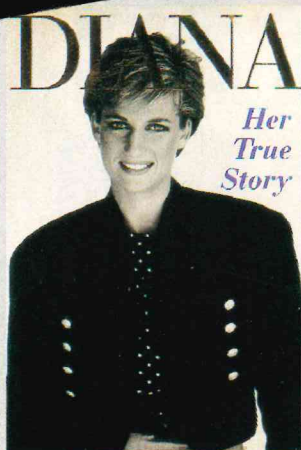


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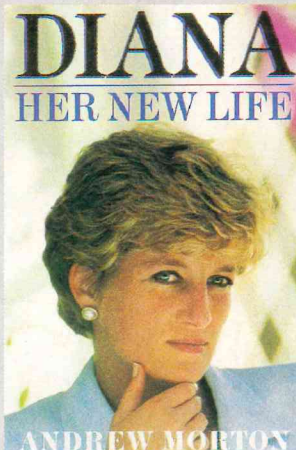
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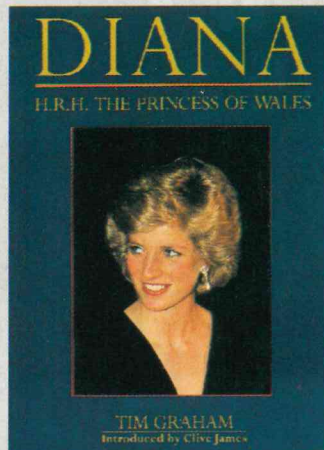
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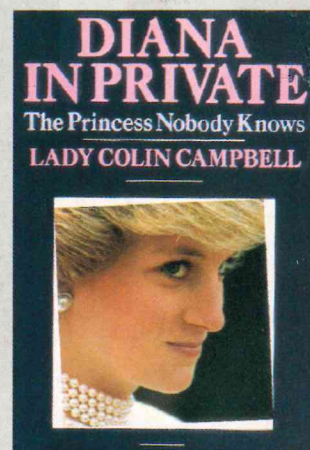
■ The book that told the world that all was not well in the Wales's marriage. The story of the girl who became a princess before she became a woman – and who found herself through adversity.



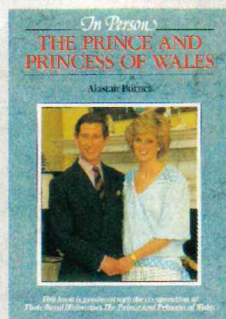
■ After the separation, Andrew Morton's sequel continued the story of Diana's search for the love and security she never found in her marriage to Prince Charles.



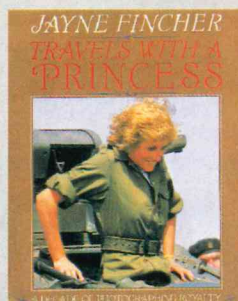
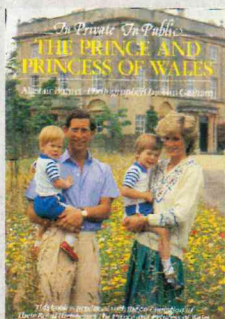
■ A pictorial record of the Princess's public life at home and abroad in the Eighties before her marriage began to crumble – recorded by one of her favourite photographers.



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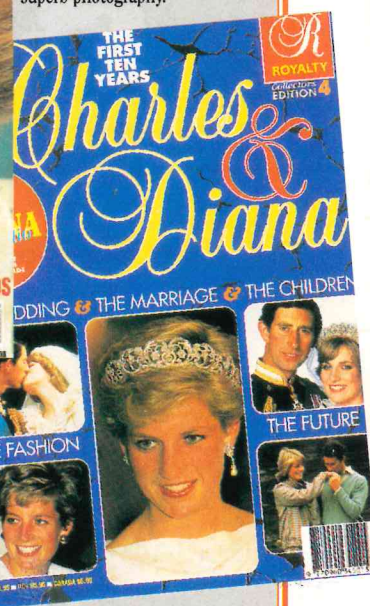
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The scene outside Westminster Abbey for the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, on Saturday September 6.

